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worth thousands will be sent you.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

PANARY FERMENTATION.

The last subject to which we shall call attention is what we spoke of in the beginning under the name of the *panary* fermentation. It is not very properly called fermentation, for the definition of fermentation is a commotion among the particles of any substance of which the object or result is an entire change in the properties of that substance; —and such is the case in the fermentations already described. They result in complete or nearly complete metamorphosis of the fermenting articles. This is not, however, the case in what is commonly called the fermentation of bread.

When the flour of various nutritive grains, that of wheat, for instance, which is most commonly used, is mixed carefully and intimately with a certain quantity of water, it forms a solid mass called dough. If in this state it is exposed to the heat of an oven, the outside is baked into a hard crust, while the inner remains still in the state of dough, that is, a glutinous, heavy and indigestible mass. This, indeed, may be prevented by making the dough very thin. It will be baked through, but it will be all crust, or hard bread, and very different from the article in common use under the name of soft or loaf bread.

The most effectual method to avoid these difficulties has been found to be that of mixing up with the dough some substance which is in a state of fermentation. The concomitant of fermentation, as already explained, is the extrication of a quantity of air or gas. But the gas thus extricated cannot escape, on account of the glutinous nature of the dough. Of course it puffs the dough out in all directions and divides it into an infinite number of little cells divided by thin partitions. If the mass is now put into the oven, the outside as before will be crust, but the inside will not be dough, for the little thin sheets or partitions will readily bake with a gentle heat, and the result will be the light, spongy, porous article in common use. And the more perfectly the gas is diffused about among the dough the less heat will be required to bake it, and of course the less proportion of hard crust there will be.

Hence it is easy to see that this is not a proper fermentation, but only the application of a well known property of the vinous fermentation to a purpose in some sense merely mechanical.

It is very true that the component parts of the flour, being of themselves highly fermentable substances, are liable to partake in some degreee of the fermentation which is going on amongst them. But this, at least when it goes to any extent, is an evil. For starch, and especially gluten, which form the greatest part of flour, are, as already oberved, very apt to run into the acetous fermentation, and the bread becomes sour.

Though the manufacture of bread, therefore, be a common thing, it is like every other matter which has anything to do with fermentation, more or less difficult and liable to accidents. If the fermentation be not sufficiently lively the bread is crusty and doughy and sometimes both. If it is too lively the bread is apt to be sour. The latter accident indeed is so much dreaded by housewifes, that they are apt to err on the other side and family bread is therefore very rarely found so light and spongy as that manufactured by the professional bakers.

It is an accident however which may be corrected, and as it must be liable to happen to bakers, whose fermentations are so much more lively than those of family managers, we are apt to think that it is sometimes so, though we have no other reason for supposing so, except the natural probability of the case. The miller, says some "old saw," thinks every body a thief like himself, and the brewer who may sometimes have had occasion to sweeten his beer with a little saleratus, may very naturally suspect the baker of sometimes sweetening his bread in that same way. We speak of practices of this sort without reserve, as they are in both cases perfectly innocent and even beneficial to the public. We say beneficial, for the damage arising from unavoidable risks of this sort falls inevitably upon the public. It is not the manufacturer who prepares the linen, cotton, and woollen which we wear, or the capitalist who erects the house in which we reside, who pays the insurance on the articles. It is the consumer and the tenant. That insurance, like the cost of any other risk, is and must be added to the price which the public pay for their comforts and conveniences, and every innocent mode of diminishing such risks is a public benefit. Now the practice alluded to is perfectly so. If a small portion of saleratus or carbonate of magnesia be well mixed with dough, which is a little sour, the acid combines with the potash or magnesia and forms a harmless salt, while the carbonic acid gas is set free amongst the dough and renders it still lighter and more spongy than it would be otherwise. Indeed a practice similar to this is not uncommon in domestic economy. When bread is wished to be ready for baking in a very short time, it is usual to mix a little potash with vinegar and stir it up hastily amongst the dough, which is thus rendered tolerably light. The theory of this operation is of course the same.

Of the common methods employed at different times for the rising of bread, one is the use of leaven. If wheat flour be mixed with hot water so as to form a dough, and this is kept in a warm place for seven or eight hours, it ferments spontaneously and becomes sour. In this state it is called leaven, and if a portion of this be mingled with fresh dough, it will excite fermentation in the whole mass. This is an obvious and of course a very ancient practice. It is frequently alluded to in the scriptures.

It is, however, an imperfect one; the gas is obtained by the actual fermentation of the dough, which therefore can scarcely be tolerably light, without being sour; a substitute therefore has been long in use. This is the yeast or barm which floats upon the surface of malt liquors. The nature of this substance has, till a comparatively recent date been very obscure. It seemed to be gluten in a state of partial decomposition, though something more was probably present. It was repeatedly analyzed by chemists, but without throwing much light on its peculiar character, till it is now known to be a living plant.

This substance, from its strong tendency to run the various stages of fermentation with rapidity, and of course developing large quantities of gas, is very well adapted to the purposes of the baker, though as every good has its corresponding evil, this very tendency makes it difficult to preserve it in a good order, or carry it from place to place. The supply consequently of this article afforded by brewers, must, generally speaking, be variable and limited—as but small quantities of beer are manufactured in summer, and moreover an equal quantity of beer does not yield as much yeast in summer as in winter. To avoid this evil, various attempts have been made to preserve yeast, by pressing and drying yeast cakes, balls and the like. These practices, however, are troublesome; a further objection to brewer's yeast, is that it is sometimes too bitter, on account of the quantity of hops used.

In consequence of these difficulties, much of the yeast used in this country is manufactured at home. There are many ways of doing this, but they are often dirty and troublesome, besides that the yeast is often very poor. In Scotland and in Germany, there are manufactories of this article alone, and it is said that the yeast is better than that obtained from the brewers.

☞ Hon. Solomon Lincoln, delegate from the Hingham Agricultural Society to the State Board of Agriculture, has resigned his position, and Mr. Edmund Hersey of Hingham, has been elected in his place.

SORT YOUR CHICKENS.

It is of great importance that the cockerels should be separated from the pullets; aside from the injury inflicted upon the latter by the harrassing attentions of the young males, it is vastly better to be able to select your next years' breeders and mature them perfectly away from the other sex.

In fact, as soon as the last clutch of eggs is set for the season, all the cocks should be taken from the hens and the sexes be kept apart till the beginning of the next season.

FALL PLOUGHING.

Without elaborating the many strong points in favor of Fall Ploughing, a few of the more prominent benefits may be briefly stated as follows:

1. August and September is a good time to turn over bound-out sod land, and manure and reseed it at once to grass, obtaining a crop of hay the following year.

2. October and November is an excellent time to break up sod land for planting the following spring.

3. The weather is then cool and bracing, and the team strong and hearty for the work; while the weather in spring is more relaxing and team less able; and spring work being always hurrying, it saves time to despatch as much of the ploughing as possible during the previous autumn.

4. Sod land broken up late in autumn will be quite free from growing grass the following spring, the roots of the late overturned sward being so generally killed by the immediately succeeding winter that not much grass will readily start in spring.

5. The frosts of winter disintegrate the ploughed land, so that it readily crumbles in fine particles in spring, and a deep, mellow seed bed is easily made. The chemical changes and modifications resulting from atmospheric action during the winter, develop latent fertility in the upturned furrows, which, together with the mellowing influences, materially increase the crop.

6. Most kinds of insects are either wholly destroyed, or their depredations materially checked, by late fall ploughing; especially the common white grub, and the cut worm.

7. Corn stubble land may be ploughed late in fall, and thus be all ready for very early sowing in spring, thereby going far to insure a good catch of grass; the roots of the new seeding getting hold well, or being well established before the droughts of summer come on.

8. Most land in New England needs deeper ploughing than has generally been practised. Where the subsoil is fine grained, and unctous, and close, or where there is a hard pan of good quality, deep ploughing may be at once, resorted to with decided advantage. Where the subsoil is poorer, the ploughing may still be advantageously deepened by degrees, say an inch at each new breaking up. But in by far a majority of cases, deep ploughing may be practised at once,—indeed, it may be the *rule*, with safety, while shallow ploughing may be the *exception*. Plough, say nine, ten, eleven or twelve inches in November. The subsoil turned up will grow several shades darker by spring. The frosts and atmospheric influences of winter will mellow the soil, the inorganic elements and all latent fertility will be made more active for benefiting the crop. In spring, spread the manure and plough it in, or otherwise work it in or mingle it with the soil to the depth say of four inches, or a little more or less, and you have the very best attainable condition for realising good crops. Deeper ploughing may thus be practiced than would at all times be safe or expedient, if the ploughing is delayed till spring.

PLANT GROWTH.

There is abundant proof of the downward or rootward flow of elaborated sap, though the crude sap rises and flows upward.

Professor Rainey, of London, describes an interesting experiment, performed by him on some young lilacs, which seems to prove conclusively that the crude sap rises in the wood, and the perfected sap, which is essential to the life of the plant, descends only in the bark or the cambium layer just beneath it, and that it is incapable of penetrating the sap-wood or any other tissue. He selected four shoots or sprouts of a similar character, and around three of them he wound firmly a coil of copper wire, but without breaking the bark. This was in December, 1844. In the spring of 1845, all four of them expanded their leaves at the same time, and continued through the season equally healthy. One of them was now cut for examination, and exhibited a layer of wood and a layer of bark of the usual thickness above the ligature, while below, the layers, though visible, were very thin. The next spring, 1846, the two remaining shoots put forth their leaves at the same time as the other lilacs, and continued to flourish till autumn. After the fall of the leaves, another one was cut for examination, and it was found that a second layer of wood and bark had formed as far down the stem as the wire, where it was somewhat enlarged, and that no growth whatever had taken place below this point. In the spring of the third year, 1847, when the lilac buds began to swell and the foliage to develope, the buds on the third specimen which had been selected for experiment suddenly withered, although they had appeared as usual up to this time. In June, 1847, this shoot was cut and examined. The wood below the ligature appeared brown and dead, and had received no addition the previous year, while the part above the wire was fresh and green and had formed a new layer of wood and bark the preceding season.

This seems to demonstrate that the cambium layer is the seat of life, and that whenever the direct communication between the root and the foliage is cut off in this layer during one entire season of growth, the whole plant perishes.

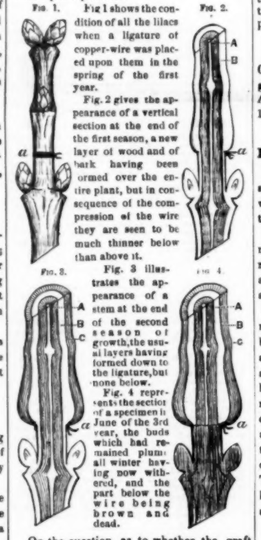

Fig 1 shows the condition of all the lilacs when a ligature of copper-wire was placed upon them in the spring of the first year.

Fig. 2 gives the appearance of a vertical section at the end of the first season, a new layer of wood and of bark having been formed over the entire plant, but in consequence of the compression of the wire they are seen to be much thinner below than above it.

Fig. 3 illustrates the appearance of a stem at the end of the second season of growth, the usual layers having formed down to the ligature, but none below.

Fig. 4 represents the section of a specimen in June of the 3rd year, the buds which had remained plump all winter having now withered, and the part below the wire being brown and dead.

On the question as to whether the graft or bud effects the root of the parent stock, Mr. Benjamin P. Ware says—

"Who that has planted an apple tree, grafted, trained and cultivated it, protected and cared for it from its nursery growth to its orchard maturity, does not love it with a paternal care? With what pleasurable emotions he recognizes the friendly greeting of its gentle nod on a Whitsunday morning, as he beholds it, one mass of rose and lily blossoms filling the sunny air with fragrance, and listens to the soft murmuring delight issuing from its branches. And again, in October, with what satisfaction he approaches his tree with baskets and barrels to harvest those glorious pippins that hang so temptingly within his reach, affording ample means of profit, health and luxury. Who that owns an acre of land can afford to dispense with so much happiness as may be derived from an apple-tree?

"It may be worth the notice of the curious observer that of the several varieties of apple and pear trees each grows with form and features peculiar to itself, and varies as much as do the different kinds of fruit. No one familiar with them can mistake, so marked are their peculiarities. However different the stocks the varieties are grafted into, that the quality of the fruit (other things being equal) remains the same. It is also a well established fact that in nursery rows of seedling apple trees budded at one year old, and taken up at four years of age, each row being budded with a different kind of fruit, the roots of the several varieties will be found to have taken different habits of growth—one variety will have numerous small fibrous roots growing compactly, while another row of a different variety will have a few large and long roots with few fibres, the varieties of fruit giving distinct habits of root, although the stocks may all differ from each other. This proves conclusively that the stock exerts no influence upon the variety of fruit engrafted into it, but that the graft does have an influence in forming the habit of the roots of the stock.

Col. Eliphalet Stone says on the same point:—

"But to return to the bud. I wish to give you another example of the workings of nature, in the propagation of varieties of the same species. I told you that the bud contained all the elements of the perfect tree within itself, and to show the power of the bud to transform the roots of the seedling plant on which budded into it, I will relate the process of budding the apple. In order to propagate a particular variety, we nurserymen are in the habit of taking the seedling stock at the age of one or two years, and inserting the bud near the ground (or root crown) say three or four inches above the root. This must be done while the stalk is in the growing state, so that the bark will readily part from the sap-wood. If the bud and stalk are both in a proper condition, the bud will soon adhere and grow to the sap-wood. The next spring, when the stalk quickens, we cut off the stalk just above the bud; this throws the force of the ascending sap into the bud, and it starts into vigorous growth, often growing five or six feet during the season. The following spring the buds again start out near the top of the tree, some varieties throw out three, and others four or more limbs laterally from the stock, according to the peculiar habits of variety. As each and every tree has a peculiar form of growth, as much as the human form or features, an experienced nurseryman will not mistake a variety once in a hundred times, and he judges only by its distinct characteristics of growth; as a general rule, the root of a tree conforms to the top, a straight upright top sends its main roots deep into the soil, and if the top is spreading, the roots extend nearer the surface. Now what produces the uniformity in a variety? The seedling stalks have no uniformity in its growth and consequently the bud must have changed the roots of the seedling to its own form of growth. This shows that the stalk and root are subordinate to the bud. The control over the stalk could not be exercised if the grafting were done in the top of a large tree, as they would then have the balance of power, although I have no doubt the roots of the graft extend quite a distance down the sap-wood.

"Most trees and plants hold in reserve an innumerable number of latent buds for the repair of any injury that may befall the tree. Should a limb get broken, one or more of these latent buds would be forced into growth to supply its place. If a root gets broken the leaves repair the damage by sending new roots to supply the top with its wonted food. Should the top lose its vigor from any cause so that it could not receive the juices sent up to its manufactory, the roots stimulate the latent buds along the trunk and limbs into growth, and numerous suckers, as they are called, make their appearance to assist the top in doing its work. A further illustration of the power of the bud to individualize itself is seen in the layering of the grape when the eye or bud throws down its roots and becomes entirely independent of the mother plant. Many plants are propagated in this way, as also by cuttings and other methods.

Asa Clement, Nurseryman, says:

"I have noticed in lifting trees in the nursery that the roots of different varieties assume different forms. For instance, the Blue Pearmain strikes its roots downwards while the Hubbardston Nonsuch will strike its roots out near the surface. I know this is so, for I have noticed it many times. I find that some trees will have a vast amount of roots—more even than much larger trees in a row along side. Why it is so I am unable to say; I know the fact."

Dr. Jabez Fisher, of Fitchburg, says:

"That the top of any tree or plant determines the character of the root to some extent." The observation of the four practical nurserymen named above is but the experience of every practical worker among trees that is led to think and observe. And yet, the principle or fact has been denounced by theorists who claim to understand the true principles of plant growth.

☞ Hon. Henry B. Pierce, Secretary of the Commonwealth, has been appointed Delegate from the Board to the Middlesex South Agricultural Fair at Framingham, on the 19th and 20th inst's.

EXAMINE YOUR POULTRY ROOSTS.

The long days of summer have been favorable for the growth of the "roost lice," which are really one of the greatest pests the poultry fancier has to contend with.

These insects are nocturnal in habit, and no matter how closely you examine the roosts in the daytime, they will not be found, as they are hidden away in cracks and seams and joints of boards.

As soon as the poultry go to roost the vermin swarm out by myriads and suck the blood from their victims, and so merciless are their attacks, that in many cases the birds actually succumb. As a *preventative*, we have found a semi-weekly painting of the roosts with sulphur and petroleum putty efficacious, but after the vermin have effected a lodgment, nothing will destroy them so thoroughly as naptha painted on copiously over their roosts and contiguous wood work. This work should be done *thoroughly*, no half-way work will do. The nests should also be similarly treated.

A CROSS

of Plymouth Rock cock with Brahma hens, makes a quicker maturing, heavier-bodied, fuller-breasted "broiler," than almost any other cross breed.

For *market purposes*, these chickens are immessurably superior to the pure blood chickens of either variety.

We do not recommend carrying the cross into more than the second generation, however, as after that all the worst features of both breeds show themselves without corresponding good qualities to offset them.

MOULTING FOWLS.

We are accustomed to see the poultry left to its own unhappiness during the moulting season, and the "masterly inactivity" with which fanciers permit the birds to look after themselves is almost epidemic. The moulting season is really the most trying to fowls, and if nature can be assisted in the process of changing the feathers a real benefit will be plainly done. The blood is during the moulting period heavily drawn from for the materials which compose the feathers, and although birds may at the outset be strong and healthy, the drain upon their systems is so great that they are weakened and debilitated, and their laying proclivities are entirely abandoned.

If we are able to give as a food, elements which will quickly replace the exhausted constituents of the blood, we obviously assist in the transformation. We have found that fowls supplied with fish refuse, ground bone, and powdered *scorched* oyster shells, moult quickly and do not lose their strength and vivacity to any perceptible degree.

If their drinking water is supplied with rusty iron, all the better, and one drink of milk each day is of great value.

☞ Work is the beginning and the continuous requisite of all prosperity. Capital is but its product, and wealth its result; and wherever found it is still but the representative of work. Work rarely comes to the laborer. He must seek for it, and accept it whenever and wherever he finds it, and when in idleness he must not be too particular as to what form he finds it in. There are farms which are fast returning to their native wildness, while the country boys, who might find abundant work in cultivating them, go to the city to try to get something to do more pleasant than farming; or, being in the city idle, refuse to go back.

☞ The new Agricultural Hall in Brockton is getting along finely, the contract for the erection of the building having lately been closed for $4400. It is intended to have everything completed in good season for the annual fair, which occurs Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 4, 5 and 6.

Questions & Answers.

PICCALILLI.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please send me a receipt for making piccalilli, also for catchup, through the *Ploughman*.

A SUBSCRIBER AND YOUNG FARMER.

Piccalilli is really a hash of a variety of pickles; it is made by mixing green tomatoes, chopped and drained, with chopped onions, red and green peppers, horse radish, &c., as you like; add spices to suit yourself, salt, sugar and a little curry powder. Cover with vinegar, boil one hour.

EATING FEATHERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I noticed an inquiry on hens eating each others' feathers, in the *Ploughman* of Sept. 2. According to my experience, they eat the feathers for the blood and flesh on the end of the feather, and I think if "Subscriber" would give his hens some fresh meat it would avail something.

Very truly yours, W. E. S.
Worcester, Sept. 4., 1876.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you or some of the numerous readers of the *Ploughman* inform me if possible, what is the trouble with my pigs? About three weeks ago my sow had a litter of ten pigs, on some of them I noticed that the snout had on the top, what looked like a swelling. Now it has increased, and their nostrils seem stuffed all up, so much so, that when they are sucking, it is with some difficulty that they breathe; also upon one or two of them were spots like sores in the edge of the mouth, from which pus or proud flesh collected. I am told that it is nothing of any consequence and they will outgrow it, but it spoils their appearance, and at the same time they must be in some pain, so I would like to hear of some remedy and also the course and name of the trouble, and oblige yours, P. W. G.
Bangor, Me., Sept. 4th, 1876.

LEACHED ASHES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Last spring my neighbor bought a lot of leached ashes from the soap factory, and used them as manure, and planted potatoes with no perceptable effect; and as I was planting corn near, he brought and put some in a few hills for experiment, with no perceptable difference from the other corn.

He sowed some on a patch of grass at the same time with good result and thinks it pays on grass. I will tell you about my bees at a future time. V. E. W.
Littleton, Mass.

JUMPING COWS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

For years past, whenever I have been troubled with a jumping cow, I have made use of a very simple and yet a very effective remedy. My neighbors also have tried the same, and in every case with complete success, so that I can confidently recommend it to all who have jumping cows, to give it a fair trial. The remedy is simply to clip the eyewinkers close. Yours, O. B.
Leominster, Mass., Sept. 6, 1876.

DISGUISING CATTLE FOR EXHIBITION AND SALE.

Some years ago, at a fair in Scotland, a bull on exhibition was discovered to have a false pair of horns, so neatly fitted on that the fraud could only be detected by the closest inspection; and his crops, which were low and defective, had, through incisions made in the skin, been blown up to the most ample fullness and perfection. The fraud was exposed, and the owner disqualified from exhibiting in future. This was an extreme case, aggravated by the cruelty of the means used to deceive the judges. But it must be confessed that practices are tolerated at public sales and cattle shows which, excepting the cruelty of the method, are no less objectionable in being designed to deceive, than the case here mentioned.

Granting that over feeding and forcing to an unnatural and unhealthy state of obesity is not to be regarded as fraudulent, because the condition can be seen, and that all the labor bestowed in washing and brushing is only to remove the dirt, what shall we say of the practice of coloring the horns, of oiling the hair, and of that most foolish of all the "tricks of the trade," shaving the tail and cutting out the curly locks in the faces of the bulls? How this latter practice originated is a mystery to us; certainly not with any man that was a judge of cattle. We cannot have too much hair on a Shorthorn, and especially about the head of a bull, and the more curly and shaggy it is, the better.

As to oiling the hair, we confess that the first lot of cattle we ever saw in a sale ring that had been nicely gone over with this process, deceived us; we thought the quality was wonderful, the hair appeared so fine and silky, and the hide so soft!

There is no denying the fact that all these artificial means to improve the appearance of stock on sale or exhibition, are designed to deceive, and are, therefore, objectionable and fraudulent, and ought to be discontinued and eradicated; and we sincerely hope that all respectable breeders of Shorthorns will set their faces against them.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Butter in France.—If our dairymen need a spur, an eye-opener, a lesson which speaks volumes in three words, here is one at the head of this article. Butter is actually brought from France and sold by the New York dealers. And this is thus because there is an actual scarcity in the market of good butter put up in an attractive shape for small consumers. When we know that one dairyman gets $1.15 a pound for his products, another $1, and another 75 cents the year round, at his dairy door, it is easily seen that it will pay to bring butter across the ocean from France, if it is only good and shapely enough to suit the fastidious purchasers who will have something nice, whatever it may cost. All this butter is made from choice cows, choicely fed on clean sweet food; the milk is handled in a carefully as though it were nectar, the cream is churned with clock and thermometer, the butter is worked with skill, and is made up in shapely cakes, which do not require to be cut when brought to the table. Compare then, this cake—hard, golden yellow, sweet, fragrant and tempting to all the senses—with an unsightly chunk, which is cut out of a greasy keg, and smells of old age and rancidity, and is made from ill kept cream from cows filthily lodged and carelessly milked, and is churned anyhow, and the difference is amply accounted for.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Correspondence.

A TRIP TO THE PROVINCES.

LETTER NUMBER THREE.

MALPEQUE, PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, Aug. 30th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman:

Since my last letter from this place, we have had some very good shooting and fishing, and a really enjoyable time all through.

Although we missed the great flight of Plover, we have found enough scattered flocks to give us all we wanted, and these with curlew and some of the smaller shore birds, have kept the larder well supplied.

This is one of the favored spots for the enjoyment and comfort of those who love good things, and it will not be many years before it is much frequented by people from "the States."

As I wrote you in the *Ploughman*, in my last, the butter is excellent, the cheese is the finest and best I ever tasted, and the mutton is acknowledged the finest in the world. Trout of both the fresh water and the salt water varieties, are abundant.

The pond trout are not good, although the water is clear and cold, being supplied from numerous springs; the fish have a "mossy" taste, similar to that described as peculiar to the "bog trout" of Ireland.

I captured yesterday a large basket full of the spotted beauties twelve to fifteen inches in length, using the red hackle and scarlet Ibis flies; they were splendid looking fish, but when they were served up on the table the peculiar taste was plainly perceptible.

In fact, "fresh water trout" are not cared for here! The sea trout are a much finer flavored fish; in fact they are called the best of all the trout by epicures, but the season has gone by for them.

Yesterday one of our party brought home about a bushel of large fine oysters, and we had them baked. They abound here in all the estuaries of the rivers, and are the famous variety known to gourmands as the "Shediac" oysters. The length of the shell of some I measured, was fourteen inches!

Great stories are told of the wild fowl shooting enjoyed here; one party of four killed twelve hundred Brant last season in one month, and, from two hundred to three hundred Canada geese to a gun in a season's shooting, is not uncommon.

The period for fowl shooting has not yet arrived. So much for the game and fish.

The agricultural wealth of the Island I have already spoken of.

I should have stated in my last letter that one application of the "musseli mud" suffices for seven years; as for its strength, Mr. Beairato raised last year over 1200 bushels of Swedish turnips, on one acre of land manured with this fertilizer.

If the farmers here were not cramped by the shortness of the seasons they would be peculiarly well off, but the short summers and long and intensely cold winters confine their labors to the production of but little variety of crops, oats as I before stated, being the chief one. In the winter the whole surrounding water is frozen, even as far as Labrador, and horse races and sleighing excursions on the ice seven or eight miles "out to sea" are common occurrences.

The abrogation of the reciprocity treaty has worked well for the Canadians.

They say their productions sell as well and readily as they ever did. It is possible that in a round-about way New England farmers may have been benefitted by the repeal of the treaty, but New England *manufacturers* certainly have not.

No matter where you go you see reaping machines, mowing machines, ploughs, and a great variety of other implements that are manufactured in the Dominion, in factories which have been established since the treaty was repealed. The Canadian manufacturers have about all they can do, while our manufacturers, *having lost one of their very best customers* are complaining of hard times and no trade. Even in musical instruments manufactories are springing up and we often see very fine parlor and cabinet organs made by the "Dominion Organ Company."

Those who have endorsed the abrogation of the treaty will do well to remember that if manufacturers have nothing to do they have no money for artisans, and as these are the consumers, our farmers fail to sell their crops. We are all mutually supporting, and any injury that reaches either one class must in the end affect all the others.

To-morrow, Thursday morning, we start for home, and "if nothing breaks" we will reach our journey's end on Saturday night next. Yours, S.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

It is generally advised that the proper time for transplanting evergreens is in the spring, just as the new growth starts. This advice is good in most cases, especially where carelessness, in the handling of the tree, when out of the ground, is counted on. The experience of the writer is, that from the time the tree has formed its growth of the season; say about the 1st of September, or perhaps earlier; from that time on, even into November, if the fall be at all open, is one of the best times to transplant evergreens, and, especially if they are large trees. Errors are not confined to the preparation of the ground, which should always be in readiness before the tree is raised; but neglect, exposure to sun and drying winds must be avoided if success is expected.

The main reason for choosing the autumn for transplanting evergreens, whether trees or shrubs, is that, in a sense, they are at that time in their most torpid state, and that in the transplanting, however much care may be given in the digging, more or less of the roots may be broken, and new fibres must form to sustain the trees, which they will most readily do at this season, as in early autumn the earth is generally warmer than the air. The fall rains keep it moist, not wet, and nature performs her work in the formation of new fibrous supports to the roots, just as the skillful gardener copies in his practice of hot-bed frames.

Evergreens transplanted early in autumn invariably make good growth the following season, while many transplanted in spring have their roots so soaked and cankered by the wet that they die, or linger through the season in an unhealthy state. Even the best condition of the roots, in spring planting, is met by a hurried growth from the temperature of the air being above that of the soil; hence evaporation is not met by a corresponding supply from the roots, and the loss must be made up by artificial watering, which oftener destroys rather than preserves.

CATTLE-SHOWS & FAIRS FOR 1876.

STATE, PROVINCIAL, &c.

World's Centennial, Philadelphia.....May 10, Nov. 10
New England, at the Centennial, Phila., Sept., Oct., Nov.
Alabama State Grange Fair, Montgomery.....Oct. 24, 28
American Institute, New York.....Sept. 6, Nov. 11
California, Sacramento.....Sept. 18, 23
Central Ohio, Mechanicsburg.....Sept. 19, 22
Central Ohio, Orville.....Oct 11, 14
Northern Ohio, Cleveland.....Sept. 11, 15
New York, Albany.....Sept. 11, 15
Iowa, Cedar Rapids.....Sept. 11, 15
Vermont, St. Albans.....Sept. 13-15
Connecticut, Hartford.....Sept. 13, 15
Wisconsin, Milwaukee.....Sept. 11, 16
Agricultural Congress, Philadelphia.....Sept. 12
Chicago Industrial Exposition, Chicago... Sept. 6, Oct. 9
Indiana, Indianapolis.....Sept. 25, Oct. 18
Kansas City Exposition, Kansas City, Mo....Sept. 15, 23
Michican Jackson.....Sept. 13, 22
Minnesota, St. Paul.....Oct. 3, 6
Nebraska, Lincoln.....Sept. 26, 29
New Hampshire, Manchester.....Oct. 3, 5
New Jersey, Waverley.....Sept. 19, 22
Northern California, Marysville.....Oct. 9, 16
Oregon Salem.....Oct. 9, 15
San Joaquin Valley, Stockton, Cal.....Sept. 26, 30
Southern California, Los Angeles.....Oct. 5, 14
Southern Ohio, Dayton.....Sept. 25, 30
St. Louis Association, St. Louis, Mo.....Oct 3, 7
St. Joseph Agricult'l Exposition, St. Joseph..Sept. 25, 30
Texas, Austin.....Nov 14, 18
Virginia, Richmond.....Oct. 31, Nov. 3
West Virginia, Clarksburg.....Sept. 19, 21
Western Ohio, Piqua.....Oct. 3, 6

County and Town.

MAINE.

Androscoggin,.....Lewiston,....Sept. 26 28
Aroostook,.....Houlton,....Sept. 28, 29
Kennebec,.....Readfield,.....Oct. 3-5
Knox, North,.....Appleton,.....Oct. 3-5
Oxford,.....So. Paris,.....Oct. 3 5
Sagadahoc,.....Topsham,....Oct. 10-12
Somerset Central,.....Skowhegan,.Sept. 26-29
Waldo,.....Belfast,.....Sept. 26 28
Waldo & Penobscot Union, Monroe.....Oct. 4, 5
Piscataquis Central,.....Foxcraft.....Oct. 4, 5

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Contoocook,.....Hillsboro' Bridge, Sept. 19, 20
Cheshire,.....Keene,.....Sept. 19-21
Grafton,.....Plymouth,...Sept. 26-28

CONNECTICUT.

New London,.....Norwich,..... Sept. 19-21
Danbury,.....Danbury.....Oct. 3, 7
Fairfield,.....Norwalk.....Sept. 26, 29
Middlesex,.....Middletown....Sept. 26, 29
Orford,.....New Haven Co..Sept. 27
Tolland,.....Rockville .....Sept. 27, 28
Windham,.....Brooklyn.....Sept 19, 21
New Haven,.....New Haven.....Oct. 4, 5

TOWN FAIRS.

Morlden,.....Sept. 20, 22
Milford,.....Sept. 26, 28
Ridgefield,.....Sept. 25, 28
Guilford,.....Oct 11
Torrington,.....Oct. 4, 5
Woodbridge and Bethany,.....Oct. 4, 5

NEW YORK.

Chatauqua,..... Jamestown,.....Sept. 19-22
Columbia,..... Hudson, ... Sept. 26-28
Duchess,..... Washing'n Hollow, Sep. 19 21
Franklin,..... Malone,.....Sept. 26-28
Hudson River Park, Poughkeepsie,.....Oct.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT 16, 1876.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

And the United States Centennial Exhibition of Live Stock.

The officers of the New England Agricultural Society desirous of securing for New England a creditable Exhibition of Live Stock at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, hereby notify the breeders and stock raisers of New England that their office, No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, will be open constantly, with some one in attendance, to give all necessary information with reference to the Live Stock Exhibition at Philadelphia.

This Exhibition will commence September 1st.

GEO. B. LORING, President.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.

Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society and others at the Centennial.

The Committee who have in charge the Farmers' gathering at Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th, will be in session at the Headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society, No. 45 Milk St., Boston, on Saturday, Sept. 16, at 11 A. M.

GEO. B. LORING,
H. S. PHINNEY,
GEO W. RIDDLE,
DANIEL NEEDHAM, } Committee.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1876.

Col. Needham has returned from his visit to the Centennial for the purpose of arranging for the reception and accommodation of the New England Farmers, and will make his report at the meeting of the Committee on Saturday, Sept. 16, at the Headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society, No. 45, Milk street. It is expected to answer to all the requirements of the occasion, and will include also satisfactory answers to all questions that may be put by the farmers and others present.

The meeting on Saturday, at the Headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society, will no doubt be largely attended by farmers from all the New England States, who will then be able to learn all the particulars about the Farmers' Gathering at Philadelphia, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th days of October. It will furnish an opportunity to make inquiries and suggestions about all the matters connected with the farmers' visit to Philadelphia. Those intending to join the company will then be placed in possession of such details as have thus far been developed in respect to the proposed excursion. Great and rapidly increasing interest has been continually manifested in this fine scheme, and at the Saturday's meeting it will reach something like a culmination.

Superintendent Kendrick, of the Old Colony Railroad, is making arrangements with connecting roads so that he can take passengers by the Fall River Line, during Farmers' Week, to the Centennial at greatly reduced rates. This arrangement is to be held good between the 7th and 16th of October. A definite statement will be made at the meeting of the Committee next Saturday.

The stock yards on the Exhibition grounds are all that exhibitors could wish, and forcibly remind visitors of the fine stock arrangements at Narragansett Park, on the occasion of the New England Fair. While they suggest the latter, of course they are on a much larger scale. Exhibitors will find the accommodations for stock as nearly perfect as they can be made. Nor will they feel out of sorts at real home comforts themselves. They will find that the Exhibition managers have carefully studied all the requirements for themselves and their contributions. Everything bespeaks for this branch of the Exhibition a triumph worthy to be long remembered.

Several Secretaries of the State Boards of Agriculture in New England, together with the Presidents of various Local Societies, have signified their intention to join the party that is going on to the Centennial Exhibition to the Farmers' Festival. This step implies the movement of a large and strong interest behind them, which promises to produce for New England, during *Farmers' Week* at the Centennial, an assemblage of agriculturists that will make New England the conspicuous feature.

HON. CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, is to deliver the address before the Union Agricultural Society, at Blandford, Hampden County, September 20th.

The reception of the Governor of Massachusetts, on Tuesday, September 14th, in the Massachusetts Building, gave sincere pleasure and pride to the large numbers who participated in it. We have rarely witnessed a company who felt more justly gratified both with the part they took themselves and the surroundings provided. It was a most interesting scene. Gov. Rice performed his ceremonial duties with marked dignity and grace. Massachusetts Building stands on State Avenue, contains a commodious hall, ladies' and Governor's reception rooms, anterooms, and all other features that befit the office that called for its erection on the Exhibition grounds. We offer our congratulations to all citizens of Massachusetts on the successful accomplishment of their part in the design of giving memorial days to the original Thirteen of the Union.

THE LIVE STOCK MEN OF NEW ENGLAND AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The New England stock grower is to be accounted at the head of New England agriculture, for the reason that good tillage culminates in the forms of animal life that crown the farm. Therefore when in an International Exhibition of Agriculture a collection of Live Stock is proposed, that is in fact the highest expression, because the living expression, of our Agriculture. To convert the products of the farm into sheep, cattle and horses is the worthy ambition of every man who claims the ownership of broad acres. If a landscape is sheer loneliness without a man in it, so is a farm desolation itself without a sight of sheep and cattle. The stock breeder, by a right universally conceded, holds the place of honor among agriculturists. Dairy farming and grass farming have their place, and are in fact place a fundamental necessity; but even the followers of these forms of agricultural industry look with a just pride to the herds of noble animals that give a living expression to a common occupation. The fact is one that is founded in reason, although it is to be admitted that only with tillage did a fixed civilization begin.

The presence at Philadelphia of the stock growers of New England is entirely in harmony with the agricultural sentiment of this section. The farms of New England, together with the science of their management, could be translated to the Exhibition in no other way. The Exhibition managers recognize the triumphs of New England farming when they invite the live stock breeders of New England to represent this section in its agriculture. That they stand ready to answer to a call made in behalf of the most substantial and enduring interests of the country is a matter for general congratulation, and to be set down to their lasting credit. For the Exhibition cannot be prouder of our live stock growers than we of New England are ourselves. They compose a body of men who, for sagacity, skill, enterprise, a generous employment of capital, high intelligence, and true fondness or the highest agricultural pursuits, are excelled nowhere, whether in this country or abroad. The sheep of New England, whatever is to be said of them numerically, are of the highest types known. The cattle are of high strains of blood, and admirably adapted to the various surfaces of country on which they are produced. And the noble blood that flows in the veins of her horses needs no proclamation anywhere.

It is an assemblage of these differing types of animals bred in New England for which the Centennial managers are naturally solicitous. By responding to their most proper request, our stock breeders are doing a service for the Exhibition, as well as for the cause of Agriculture, which will not soon be forgotten. They are sure to honor the calling to which they devote their labor, thought and capital; and by the success of the demonstration which they make will that of the agricultural department of the Exhibition be enhanced. There will be a profound pride in contemplating the Knoxes, the Morgans, the Smugglers, the Morrills and the Black Hawks which they have to display to the world among horses; the Ayrshires, Devon, and Jerseys among cattle; and the Merinoes Cotswolds, and others among sheep. Let them put forth the effort which they have it in their power to make, and no feature of the whole Exhibition will be more striking and impressive than theirs. That they are about doing it the managers of the agricultural department of the Exhibition are agreeably satisfied, and in knowing this they promise to the country and the world such a show of Live Stock as all who view it will long have occasion to remember.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM is to deliver the address at the *Leominster*, (Mass.) Fair. Thursday, Sept. 21; and also at the *Grafton County Fair* at *Plymouth*, (N. H.,) Wednesday, Sept. 27.

THE VICTORY OF TURKEY.

The army of the Porte has crushed that of Servia, and converted a victory into a perfect rout. By this decisive blow the war is really ended. This is styled the first great Turkish victory of the century. The Moslem fights with all the energy of his best days in history. It is the supremacy of the Moslem races in Turkey that is now assured. Having completely vanquished Servia, as conqueror Turkey would be entitled to hold its territory, or at any rate to dictate terms. But the question is, whether the other powers in Europe will permit it. Ordinarily they could not interfere, according to rules which they lay down for one another; but in this case the Turkish character has to be taken into account as an important factor in the problem. That character revealed itself again in all its deformity in the outrages committed in Bulgaria. To the power that even permitted the perpetrator of such atrocities the other powers could never concede the right to its own hard-won victories. It would be unchaining the tiger. Turkey does not exist as an independent power in Europe, and never did. Ex-Minister Gladstone, of England, has addressed a mass meeting on the whole subject, and taken the distinct ground that the Turkish government is responsible for those atrocities. England cannot and will not suffer the occasion to pass, as the practical sponsor for Turkey in Europe, without visiting on its government the just penalty for its crime; and the least one will be to debar that power from the enjoyment of what it has just won in its bloody contest with revolting Servia. The sentiment over Turkey has entire y evaporated since the Bulgarian massacres.

Massachusetts Week.—This has been Massachusetts Week at the Centennial, and large numbers of people have gone on to participate in the pleasures and ceremonies. The Massachusetts building has been the centre from which radiated the crowds of people from the Old Commonwealth all over the grounds and through the grand structure. As one of the "original Thirteen," Massachusetts has had an opportunity to contemplate her part in the proceedings in Philadelphia one hundred years ago, and to form into something like a reality the reflections that rise spontaneously in the presence of that century's triumphs of industrious peace.

The Act of Resuming.—We conceive that the final resumption of specie payments is more of a bugbear than it need to be. Even as the Resumption Act stands, it can be operated so as to effect the purpose of resumption by January, 1879. The Secretary of the Treasury has authority under the Act to provide for the redemption of the United States notes either by using the surplus revenues or by selling bonds for coin to any limit needed. Very well, then; leaving any surplus from revenues out of account, the thing to do is to sell bonds and obtain coin. Coin is abundant in the foreign market, and our credit is good. All the bonds that need be sold are only enough to cancel the *surplus* legal tenders. It is not necessary to redeem the whole of them. As soon as enough are redeemed to equalize paper and gold, the problem is solved. Now in two years enough coin can easily be accumulated to meet the needs of resumption, without causing any disturbance in the exchange market. We can furnish a large part of the gold ourselves, from our forty million annual product.

A Fine Smuggler Colt.—A correspondent of the *Ploughman* at the Centennial writes concerning the Horse Show, that he has given a careful examination to the Horse Stock already collected, and honestly thinks it due to Col. Russell to state that the two year old colt on exhibition, sired by Smuggler, and out of Katty Clyde, she by Vermont Hambletonian, dam by Old Morrill (French), is by far the finest in his class at the Exhibition. This remarkable colt was foaled August 12th, 1874, and that Fall competed with over twenty colts, from one to six months his elders, and took the first premium. In 1876, he competed at the New England Fair at Manchester with twenty-two in his class, and was placed at the head of them all. The name of this young and promising animal is "Graphic," and he is owned by Wm. T. Cox, Esq., of Foxboro. Our correspondent expresses regret that he did not send for his own Smuggler colt, a year younger than "Graphic," for he feels that he would have been certain of success even in this class. The Smuggler stock is making its mark rapidly, and it is a mark that promises not to be soon obliterated.

The Old South.—This is about the way, briefly, that the case stands in relation to the Old South Society, as we understand it, which the remainder in mortgage notes, was made to the Society a few weeks ago and rejected, for the land on which the edifice stands. Since then, the citizens' committee have added $50,000 in their hands, and prominent savings banks have agreed to take a mortgage for the remainder above the $150,000 already raised. Negotiations on this basis have been proceeding with the church society for upwards of two weeks, and latterly a distinct offer of $400,000 in cash has been made to the Society for the land. This offer it has been holding under consideration, with a view especially to see what restrictions on a sale could be legally imposed. The Society is averse to having a rival Old South Church on the site which it has abandoned, and on the other hand, it wants to be certain that the edifice will be preserved as a memorial. The matter has for some time been in legal hands.

Diminished Productions.—In the course of his address before the Social Science Convention, at Saratoga, on "Hard Times," Mr D. A. Wells touched on the subject of agriculture. Being an industrious statistician on all economic matters, what he has to say in reference to farm productions will be of exceptional interest. The tendency since 1860, he says, is to draw people from agriculture to manufactures. Applying the rates of increase in our leading agricultural products from 1850 to 1860 to the period from 1860 to 1870, then applying the result to the actual product according to the census, and we are told that we actually produce less corn by 26 per cent., less to acco by 27 per cent., less pork by 22 per cent., less butter by 29 per cent., less cotton by 74 per cent., than we should have produced if we had gone on according to the rate of increase from 1850 to 1860. During these years last named, improved land increased 44 per cent.; from 1860 to 1870, it increased only 16 per cent.; and in 1870 we had 930,000 fewer neat cattle, 8,000,000 fewer swine, 900,000 fewer working oxen than in 1860. The number of horses and mules also fell away. This simply all means that a large share of our agricultural population was drawn away to trade and manufactures. The time has now come for the just equilibrium to be restored.

Intemperance.—There is no doubt that the war opened the flood gates of this consuming vice upon the country, against whose powerful tides we shall have to struggle long and vigorously. Among the most promising symptoms of reform are the movements for total abstinence which have of late been making in various parts of New England, particularly in this section of Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, and in Maine. We sincerely hope that this movement will continue to spread by being kept in good directing hands. There is no one thing that costs the country so much money as the consumption of the various kinds of spirituous drinks. The evil intemperance is the most appalling of any that confronts our civilization. It threatens the destruction of the very vitals of the nation. It is so prevalent in Great Britain as to challenge the attention of parliament. While we refrain from discussing the problem of cession or legislation, we are free to say that even for the latter the former can never be given up. There are duties for us all to perform, which we cannot put off upon legislation.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

LETTER NUMBER VI.

Special Centennial Correspondence of the Ploughman.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12th, 1876.

The interest in this grand Exhibition is rapidly culminating. Two months longer and the last days of this marvel of America—this magnificent of all magnificent opportunities to Americans or American soil—will be reached—and the Centennial will take its place in history. What wondrous tales growing out of the Exhibition, will be told to son and grandson in future years. What stories and legends based upon the incidents and events the Centennial has inspired.

How the men of the next generation will wonder that a father or a grandfather neglected the opportunity to visit Philadelphia in 1876. But the end will come. The days of the Great Exposition are numbered and only sixty days remain in which the opportunity of seeing and studying, upon our own native soil, the products and people of all nations, can be enjoyed.

The multitude of visitors in these Autumn months, increases from week to week. Last week, the daily average was fifty thousand. On Saturday, the number exceeded one hundred thousand. All the lines of transportation, by sea and land, have placed the expense of visiting at the lowest rate. Ten dollars from Boston will give you a first class passage out and back by the finest steamers that ever floated on Long Island Sound—and twelve dollars will take and return you by an all rail route.

It would seem that there could be no excuse for a neglect of this rare opportunity for intellectual, moral and physical culture.

The Exhibition itself has constantly increased in interest, since its opening. Within a few weeks the large building built by the Spanish Government and another erected by the French, have been opened to the great public.

What shall we look at if we stay only a day?—said a friend who was about purchasing an excursion ticket. No answer can be given to such a question. The very sight of the buildings as they are spread out before you, will compensate for the expense and trouble of the journey, even if you see none of the contents. The sight of No. 600, Engine of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the most modern of all locomotive engine work, weighing ninety-two thousand pounds and capable of drawing sixty loaded cars up a grade of seventy feet to the mile thirty miles an hour, standing side by side with No. 1, the first locomotive engine ever built by the Baltimore and Onio, in 1835—with a capacity of drawing four cars over a grade of thirty feet at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, will well repay you for the journey—as it will furnish you with an idea of the progress of the race in mechanical knowledge during the intervening time.

A view of the Geological and Topographical Maps of Sweden and Norway, furnished by those countries as contributions to the great Centennial, will well repay you for the journey—for it will give you new ideas of countries and governments about which you have learned but little either from schoolbooks or history.

The pottery from Germany, the carved work from China, the carpets and shawls from India—the polished stone tables from Russia—the ancient statuary dug from the ruins of Pompeii, in fact, a visit to almost any one of the exhibition buildings or to a section of a building will fully compensate for the journey.

If you are fond of Art, you will linger in the great gallery and its annex, devoted to paintings and statuary; if you are fond of machinery, Machinery Hall with its collossal Corliss engine, its immense artificial water fall, its daily *Herald*, *Tribune* and *Times*, struck off from day to day and gratuitously distributed to the people will command your time.

If you are fond of antiquities you will visit Egypt—wander among the skull bones and excavated pottery of India; —study the early books written on parchment, found in the annex of the Art Building;—if it is education which most attracts you, you will go from State to State in the gallery of the Exhibition Hall, looking over the exhibits made by public school scholars—schools of Art and Design—bound volumes of English composition from tens of thousands of boys and girls of all ages and conditions in life—or the kindergarden, or Swedish school house, built on purpose to illustrate the system of object teaching in the infant schools of that country,—or the great Pennsylvania Educational building, devoted entirely to the illustration of the public school system of that great State;—if it is medicine and surgery, you will go to the great Pavillion Hospital, where the surgeons will show you beds of model wounded soldiers and all the modern systems of treatment of fracture, amputation wound or disease—if it is telegraphy, you will walk amid the scores of operators who will show you the system of ocean and land telegraphing with all the recent improvements;—if it is war, you will spend time in the Government building—study the Columbiads and Monitors —examine guns which can be made to discharge hundreds of balls a minute, by the turning of a crank or the manœuvring of a dial;—if it is the general manufacturing of civilized nations, you will not need to leave the great Exhibition building which covers more than twenty acres of ground and displays on its ground floor the products of the skill and industry of every nation of the earth;—if it is Agriculture, the great Agricultural Building will furnish you with all the entertainment you need—every implement in agricultural development—every seed in tropical, temperate or torrid zone; a specimen of every grain and fruit the great earth has ever yielded for the nourishment of man—more than nine acres are covered by this tastefully constructed building and every available square foot is occupied in illustrating the great art, industry and results of agriculture.

At the present time, you may visit the Exhibition of horses—see stallions weighing from ten hundred to three thousand pounds. Canada alone, has made a magnificient contribution to this Exhibition of horses—the West is represented too, by horses of great strength speed and beauty—New England, though not making a large contribution, is as usual doing its part well.

Next week, will be gathered other domestic animals and from time to time, until the close of the Exhibition, the domestic animals of the world will form a most attractive feature in the Exposition.

The weather is delightful—the city of Philadelphia healthy—the attractions more than can be enumerated—the facilities of going and coming, cheap, easy and inviting, and he who remains away will have one lifelong time for regret.

MORE ANON.

Cheaper Travel.—One excellent effect of the Centennial begins to show itself in the feeling on the part of the railroads that they can do better by themselves at the present reduced rates of fares than by returning to the former ones. They find that the existing lower rates have greatly increased travel and consequently their own profits. They see plainly enough that it is by putting down the rates that thousands and tens of thousands have been induced to patronize them who would otherwise have stayed at home. And of course they feel reluctant to return to the old standard of rates. Abundant business and assured dividends being the objects of their pursuit, and seeing just how they are to be secured, they have little inclination to think of going back to old rates. And moreover, as this is the day of reduced prices for everything, there is no good reason why the railroads should be exempt from the prevailing rule. Besides this, they must wish to be in the fashion.

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—The Farmers of New England have a chance such as they never had before to show themselves to the country and the world, at the Centennial.

STOCK NOTES.

☞ S. R. Rodman, Esq., of Darlington, Mass., has a beautiful thoroughbred Mare, which has dropped a Filley by the Stallion Ethan Wilkes—he by Ethan Allen, dam by Lady Wilkes. One of Ethan Wilkes' colts sold for two hundred and twenty dollars a short time since.

☞ Mr. F. D. Curtis, chairman of the committee of the National Swine Breeders' Convention, writes us under date of Charlton, Sept. 9th: "I desire to state for the information of swine breeders that the responses in favor of holding a convention of swine breeders, at Philadelphia, during the Centennial exhibition of swine, have not been sufficiently favorable, especially from the West, in my judgement, to warrant me in calling such convention."

Massachusetts Day at the Centennial.—Governor Rice and staff the State officers and their wives started Tuesday evening on the six o'clock train on the Old Colony Railroad for Philadelphia. The party numbered about fifty in all, and two drawing room cars were provided for them. There were twenty cars on the train, and the New York passengers on this and the four o'clock train numbered about 2 500. The governor's party went in the steamer Delaware, which landed them at Jersey City, where two special drawing-room cars were provided to take them to Philadelphia.

The Massachusetts people residing in New York met at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, Tuesday evening and made arrangements for attending the reception. The reception will not be a mere affair, as might be understood from the statement that invitations have been issued. The invitations were simply circulars, which were sent to members of the legislature and others calling attention to the affair.

Perfect Bread.—The Vienna bakery at the Centennial Exhibition justly attracts a great deal of attention, and is much written about. It is a low, broad roofed building, with a deep verandah. The proprietor did not at first provide butter with his matchless little loaves, but now he does; yet those who know superior bread when they see it do not generally need the assistance of butter to work this bread down. This Vienna bread is pronounced the best bread in the world, and no housewife or young lady who hopes and expects to be a housewife should overlook this particular item in the Exhibition. The two points about this bread are the careful selection of the highest-milled flour and the preparation of yeast whose properties are precisely adapted to the work it is to do. To tell the truth, it is the bread that advertises the yeast at the Exhibition. Of the importance of good bread in this country, which knows it not, the millions of disordered stomachs, shattered nervous systems, and cases of confirmed indigestion, tell a story that ought to make a profound impression. The making of good bread everywhere would soon change the spirits, and then the character, of our entire people.

READ AND RUN.

—To have seen the horses and cattle assembled at the Centennial Exhibition will be something to remember as long as one lives.

—The fire on the Centennial grounds last Saturday, September 9th, excited great apprehensions for the safety of the main building of the Exposition.

—W. E. Forster, a distinguished member of the British parliament, has gone to Bulgaria to personally view the scenes of the Turkish atrocities.

—Jesse Pomeroy has been transferred to the State Prison for life.

—Exeter, N. H., is about to have another paper.

—The Bromfield Street Church, in this city, adopts the congregational mode of singing.

—Two rustic settees, made from the wood of the Old Elm, have been placed in one of the corridors of City Hall.

—Peaches having fallen off in the market, grapes have chiefly come in to supply their places.

—The Massachusetts Building on the Exhibition Grounds has been tendered by Gov. Rice to the Governor of Virginia for the latter's regular reception, it having no building of its own.

—The cotton crop is estimated at four and a half million bales.

—The first steeple chase in New England was witnessed at Hampden Park, Springfield, on Saturday last, September 9th.

—The driver of Goldsmith Maid is going to try to get her to beat her fastest time, as he never expects to drive her again.

—What a world of memories there will be to revive at the fireside next winter, after a visit to the Great Exhibition!

—Polo, as a game, is defined to be hawkey on horseback, and that's about what it is.

—The work on the new State Prison at Concord is being pushed rapidly, with an increased force.

—All Saturdays at the Centennial are hereafter to be half price days.

—It is stated that building can be done more cheaply now than at any time in a quarter of a century.

—The honey trade, in the comb, is becoming very large in this market.

—The Supreme Court has decided the Sears Will case. The Trustees must retain enough of the property in their hands to secure the son and contestant $10,000 per annum, and the rest is to be transferred to him, as no other provision was made for it in the will.

—Caleb Cushing, Minister to Spain, has been in town this week. He is about 76 years old.

—The post office down at the little city of Oak Bluffs, dispensed 25,000 letters and 10,000 postal cards, during the month of July.

—William Black, the English novelist, is now in this country, and visited Mr. Longfellow the other day.

—The Boston and Albany Railroad Company have just taken off from a car a set of wheels that has run 523,000 miles.

—The members of the New England Associated Press, as guests of the Providence *Journal*, ate clams down in Narragansett Bay last Saturday.

—A sea turtle weighing nine hundred pounds has been caught in Vineyard Sound, near Wood's Holl.

—Jesse Pomeroy's keeper will hand him his food three times a day, without speaking a word to him. Pomeroy will be allowed to converse only with the chaplain of the prison.

—The great Smith family has had a gathering on the banks of the Raritan, and it was immense.

—The death warrants of the five convicted Molly Magaires have been signed by Gov. Hartranft.

—The precious stones display of the Centennial Exhibition is admired and wondered at by all.

—The trial of Gen. Babcock and the safe burglars occurs in Washington on the 19th.

—The New York milk dealers are taking measures to fight the Board of Health.

—The Indians are being finally treated with, through a Commission.

—The accounts, in the English papers, of the Bulgarian massacres by the Turks cannot be read without continuous shudders of horr r.

—The stoning of railway trains by concealed boys has become so common as to compel unusual attention to it on the part of the legal authorities.

—It's all politics, this week! Miscellaneous matter gets badly squeezed.

—There has been another fall in the stocks of the coal roads.

—The cotton picking has generally begun in the Southern States.

—The eldest son of the late Secretary Seward died a few days since in Westchester, Co., N. Y. in his 50th year.

—Ethan Allen, the famous trotting stallion, has just died at Lawrence, Kansas, twenty-seven years old.

—The cashier of the Northfield, Minn., bank who was shot dead at midday, behind his own counter, by robbers, was a Massachusetts man, and had been twice married, each time to a school teacher of Gardner.

—The young Prince Napoleon will begin a two years' tour in Europe and America next year.

—Negotiations will soon be set on foot for an other extradition treaty with Great Britain.

—Boss Tweed's capture was effected through the agency of a caricature, which represented him as carrying off Justice. The Spaniards took him for a kidnapper.

—The table on which Benedict Arnold ate his last breakfast before going ever to the enemy, is at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, where it may be seen by anybody.

—An excursion to the Centennial are at present the prevailing thing.

—The Polo game at Beacon Park on Monday called out a great crowd of interested witnesses.

—Rev. Henry Hawworth, Rector of St. George's church, Hanover Square, London, is dead. He was appointed to that place thirty-one years ago. It is, if not a high church, the church for all the high marriages, and the fees have been a large fortune to the rec or.

—Trenor W. Park has finally become the sole possessor of the Emma Mine.

—Do not let another day go by without deciding about a visit during the *Farmers' Week* to the Centennial, and preparing for it.

—Why not take along as large a part of the family as possible to the Agricultural Show at the Centennial.

—The rates for the round trip to the Exhibition are as low as anybody could in reason ask. Only $10.00, with admission.

—The weather offers every possible inducement for a week's trip to Philadelphia.

—The campaign against the Sioux has been abandoned. The troops are reported in a deplorable condition, having suffered much from cold and hunger.

—Nilsson, the singer, is at present in Sweden, of which country she is a native, but whose language she cannot speak. She has never become a favorite in Russia, like Patti.

—The New York police are raiding on some of the famous, or infamous, gambling houses in that city, and making large numerical hauls.

—Maine has thrown a Republican majority of from twelve to fifteen thousand.

—Butter of the best grades has recently advanced two or three cents a pound.

—Lord Derby defends the policy of his government in relation to the Bulgarian atrocities.

—Gold ranges about 110.

—The Turks are attacking the Serrian forces again, and a battle has taken place this week.

—The Methodist preachers of this city have adopted a resolution disapproving of the continuance of camp meetings over Sunday.

—A fatal disease has broken out among the cattle in a certain locality in Pennsylvania, which is credited to ticks contracted by contact with western cattle.

—The international rifle match has made the chief talk among the shooters for the past week.

—The Excavations at Hell Gate are being charged with the explosive material this week.

—The large hall of the Massachusetts Building on the Centennial Grounds will accommodate about four hundred persons.

—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery are perfecting preparations for their Fall field day.

—The Portland steamers now leave India wharf at 6 P. M., instead of 7 P. M., as during the season.

—The brother of Gov. Tilden has recently deceased at his home in New Lebanon, N. Y.

—The Californians had a reunion in Philadelphia on Saturday last.

—Iowa last week had an unbroken rain of five days, in consequence of which five railroad bridges were carried away.

—Connecticut is coming out strong on apples this year.

—The Northfield, Minn., bank robbers are known to be the same ones that operated in Missouri.

—Cushing Academy, at Ashburnham, opens with eighty-four pupils.

—The revolution in St. Domingo continues.

—Owing to the troubles no tobacco can reach the coast for export.

—Prints and printing cloths are advancing in price, so that there is a profit on the side of manufacturers. This is why the mills are generally starting up again.

☞ *Valentine & Co.*, 323 Pearl street, New York, the famous Varnish Manufacturers, have struck an entirely new vein in advertising. They publish a series of silhouettes, or outline sketches in black, by a real artist, on square leaves that are readily detached without mutilation, representing every kind of a whim or notion that can be tortured into relationship with carts and carriages. It is extremely funny, and extremely well done. Valentine's varnish ought to shine for itself everywhere, as it does here.

☞ *The Whippoorwill* is a very recent publication by Oliver Dixon & Company, containing a complete elementary course for public schools and juvenile classes in singing, and a great variety of one, two, three, and four-parts songs. It is compiled by W. O. Perkins, author of "Golden Robin." the frontispiece presents the Whippoorwill idea graphically.

☞ The managers of the *St. L us Fair* issue a handsom catalogue containing the scheme for the Sixteenth Fair, which is to open on the 2d of October and close on the 7th. The premiums amount to $60,000. No entry fee charged in any department. The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association was organized and held its first meeting in 1856, and its history has been one of uninterrupted success. Over a million dollars have been expended in the erection of buildings and the distribution of premiums.

☞ *The Manual of Geometry* and Conic Sections, with applications to Trigonometry and Mensuration, by Wm. G. Peck, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College, New York, is published from the press of A. S. Barnes & Co., and is for sale by Nichols & Hall, of this city.

☞ This is the season to begin and cut short next year's devastations of fruits trees by grubs and canker worms, and we call the attention of all who have trees to the advertisement in another column of *Morrill's Grub and Canker Worm Exterminator*, whose merits are fully set forth. It is to be had in all sized packages, and is very easily applied. See advertisement.

Parties desiring Trees, Plants, or Bulbs, are referred to ELLWANGER & BARRY'S advertisement, now appearing in our columns. Their establishment is recognized as one of the largest and most reliable in the United States.

—Geological investigations have been making in the vicinity of Portsmouth, N. H., in relation particularly to the gravel deposits. It is thought they were formed by streams of water issuing under the ice at the time the ice finally melted during the glacial period.

—The fishermen around Halifax are quoted as being perfectly satisfied with their luck.

—The Spanish government has really bagged the fugitive Tweed for us, and there is a good prospect of his return home.

—An Executive proclamation has been issued, carrying into effect the treaty of trade with Hawaii.

—Much suffering exists in Savannah, in consequence of the yellow fever and of so many being out of employment.

—A circus was arrested at Poughkeepsie by the officers of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Society.

Among the most remarkable productions of this age and country is Hall's Hair Renewer. Its success is unparalled. It is sought after by rich and poor, high and low, young and old. Inhabitants of foreign lands—the people of Australia, of Europe, and of South America find means to get it at whatever cost. It is because it works like magic. It restores the hair to its youthful color and beauty, and robs approaching age of one of its disagreeable accompaniments. If you are getting bald, try it. Try it if you are getting gray, or if you have any disease of the scalp. Try it if you wish a good hair dressing. It will not disappoint you.—*Muncie (Ind.) News.*

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the

ATTLE MARKET.

...ston—Beeves, 9,008; last ...ek, 7,75 ... Sales at $6@$8 00; ...t 6@6 ... 8 three figures. ...s, 8,621. Market fair at 6@8 ...ttermilk calves brought $6@7 ...

...4. Good sheep and lambs were ...rdinary stock sold well. Ordi... at 4@6c ₱ lb. Spring lambs ...2. City dressed hogs were weak ...ago sold at $6 62@6 87½ ₱ 100

...T MARKET.

...throughout the week has not ...et, what is better, it has been ...ity paying one to nearly every ...fit attendance has been good ...ence of some of the summer ...p in the return of the usual ...cattle during the heated term ...y were 685 cars or 11,606 head, ...large portion of the increase ...ight-in. ...supply did not differ materially ...t was equally as good and con... ...mber of fine butchering steers ...

...mewhat irregular—varying a ...eday there was an advance of ... ...ar $6 75, live weight. Other ...down to $6 25, according to ...ity. ...ing are the receipts of the ...from the Central Railroad two ...

Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
..... 171	6	22
..... 61	4	32
..... 156	18	30
..... 111	9	5
..... 46	9	5
..... 80	5	21
..... 64	5	9
..... 688	60	106

...arative statement of the re... ...ail for the week, ending ... Sheep, Lambs, and Hogs 100 ...

	Last week.	Last year.
...ipts	7,044	3 6,364
...ipts	11,200	10,400
...ipts	10,100	360,400

...f comparative value to come... ...ng of the market this week :

This week	Last week.
...@5 75	5 50@5 75
...@5 50	5 10@5 50
...@5 00	4 60@4 90
...@4 75	4 60@4 90
...@4 75	4 00@4 60

...ranging from $42 00@60 00. ...ry salable readily at 6@8c. ...wanda plenty and good ... ...@6c.—*Albany Journ.*

...ATTLE MARKET.

...ondence market this week was ...e was very little life in the retail ...ly, however, was somewhat ...r than last week, there being ...ers and fewer common cattle. ...ere was but little change—quota... ...ef Cattle ranged as follows: ...ium or good fair quality, $5 37 ...ers, etc., and cows $3@5 00 ...of market ruled dull. ...$3 00@5 37. Most of the ...ers have been quite slow this week ...the quality equally as good ...mmon. Sales at $4@5½, other ...ere at 5½@5¾ ₱ lb. ...the market, and could not be ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...The receipts this week consist ...heifers, chiefly stock. Sheep, and ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...The receipts this week consist ...heifers, chiefly stock Sheep, and ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Veal Calves.—The receipts this week ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Hides and Tallow.—The receipts this week ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Wool.—The receipts this week ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Poultry.—The receipts this week ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Fruit.—The receipts this week ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Vegetables.—The receipts this week ...ere but little change in the market ...ere would be most likely towards ...

...Miscellaneous

The Poet's Corner.

THE SONG OF ISLAM.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

He sang not the song of strife
With Amr Ei Kais, vowed
To the cymbal clash, and the loud
Fierce clangor of battle proud;
Of the javelin's steely flight,
Of the flashing of spear and sword,
Of the wine that moveth aright
In the wine-cup freely poured.
He sang not of what men praise,
Of how men suffer, or grieve,
Of the little dust that we raise,
Of the little dust we leave;
Of the moving caravan,
Or the camel's patient march,
Or the skies' unmoving arch,
He sang not the song of man!

He sang of the light that breaks
When the thunder cloud is riven,
He sang of the life that wakes
To a call that cometh from Heaven;
Of a Voice in the desert heard,
Of a cry at the midnight hour,
Of a strength that waiteth a word
Of the hiding of ancient power.
He sang of the life that takes
Its sleep in the arms of death,
Of the dawn through the dusk that breaks
That the darkness conquereth.
He sang of the light that sleeps
And burns in the hidden gem,
He sang of the light that leaps
And flames in the diadem.
He sang of the flowering rod,
Of the almonds blossoming,
He sang of the seed in the clod,
A dark unlovely thing.
He sang of the blade through the sod,
That cleaves at the breath of spring,
He sang to the ear of God,
He sang the song of a King!

Ladies' Department.

THE GIRL DETECTIVE.

The door of Rufus Markham's counting room was securely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly looking man of middle age, whose face was as impassave as a wax mask.

'Five thousand dollars!' said the individual. 'It was a large sum to leave exposed.'

'Exposed!' said Mr. Markman. 'It was in my private desk, to which no one has access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon.'

'Would it be possible the young gentleman——'

'Sir,' said Mr. Markham, indignantly, 'my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery.

'Just state this matter again, briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes, will you, Mr. Markham?'

'Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of bank yesterday, to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning and did so. At nine o'clock this morning the expected note was presented, and I opened the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum book that was in the same roll.'

'The lock was not forced?'

'No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it.'

'And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?'

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

'My nephew certainly has the only duplicate key.

'H'm! yes. You have the numbers of the notes?'

'Yes. The roll consisted of ten five-hundred dollar notes.'

The list of numbers being taken, the detective made a searching examination of the appartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door, Mr. Markham suddenly said, nervously:

'I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make any discoveries, you had better report to me privately before making any arrests.'

'Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, if you have not done so already.'

'No one has heard of it but yourself.'

'Very good! I will call again when I have any report to make.'

'Fred! Fred!' the old gentleman said, in a low tone, when he was alone; 'Vogdes evidently thinks it is Fred! It cannot be! It is impossible that my nephew would *rob* me! I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. Oh, it it should be! Anna's boy, that I promised to love as my son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me, when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not, believe it!'

'May I come in?' asked a bright, pleasant face at the door, and permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room.

Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank, with well opened brown eyes, and curls of nut brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude, and theft. His manner toward the uncle, who had ever filled a father's place, was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting room, Mr. Markham's uneasy fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark-eyed little maiden, who was soon to be Mrs. Tryon, and when Fred left his uncle, it was with a promise that he would call in the evening upon Miss Clarkson, to finally arrange for the wedding.

The young man, a favorite of fortune apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening, beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding house, receiving an affectionate farewell, when he took up his way to his own rooms in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when summer twilight was fading that, returning from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

'I have a note for you, Mr. Fred,' he said, 'and as you were not at home, I thought I would wait here for you.'

Something in the man's face and manner struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

'You have bad news!' she cried.

'Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note,' was the evasive answer.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

'Who dares say I am a midnight burglar,' he shouted.

'Oh, Fred, what is it?' asked Maud, turning very white.

'My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollers, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me the chief, because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I——Great heaven!' he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, 'he cannot mean it! I rob my uncle! I?'

'Mr. Fred,' said the clerk, respectfully, 'I only waited to see how you took the note, to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding-school, and brought you home for the holidays, and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years' old, and that's twelve long years. I know you never took the money, but things look very ugly for you.'

'But,' said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him, 'I cannot understand it. Listen,' and he read aloud the note from his uncle:

'"MR. FREDERICK TRYON: I could not believe without *proof*—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk, on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I will never be the one to imprison or punish you, but you are no longer nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look on your face again. Your ill gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting you will endeavor to live honestly in future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters. RUFUS MARKHAM."'

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

'Oh, Fred!' she cried, 'what can you do?'

'Starve, I suppose,' was the bitter answer, 'as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains so generously presented to me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise.'

'Fred,' she cried, bursting into tears, 'how can you be so cruel?' Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. 'Darling,' she said, fixing her large black eyes upon his face, 'if all the world believe you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off, I will keep my promise.'

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter fast in his arms, and greet tears fell on her upturned face.

'God bless you, Maud!' he cried; I can defy the world, if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down, and tell me what you know of this wretched business.'

'Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room, I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?'

'To Johnson?'

'Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew till this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by false keys, Mr. Fred,' said the old man, earnestly. 'It was all in five hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers.'

'Well?'

'This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes which you gave to T—— yesterday in payment for a pearl locket.'

'Stop, Potter! let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it! Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars I lent him some time ago. And Arnold—— Potter, Arnold, borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk! Potter, hurza! We know the thief!'

'Not so fast, Mr. Fred—not so fast. It will not be an easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?'

'No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door, and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day.'

'And you were alone when he paid you the money?'

'Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket.'

'He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to me for a few days—only a few days?—and if I do not catch the thief, you may try?'

'But my uncle?'

'Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week. Give me only a week to watch Arnold. And, by-the-by, you will give an additional week of your liberty if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime.'

'Run away,' flashed Fred, 'like a coward?'

'Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. You he will watch; but if you are willing, I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little private detective business on my part.'

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's, he finally consented to leave the city for a week, and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days, when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

'I am completely baffled,' he said, in answer to her inquiries. 'You see, Arnold knows me, and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight that I cannot get a peep at his room; and whenever he is out, he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force his door yet, and by the time Fred returns, I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure it is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chambermaid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day.'

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said, demurely:

'Your landlady is a German, is she not?'

'Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?'

'No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know, was German.'

'But what has that to do with Fred's case?'

'I will tell you. Vogdes has tried to find the thief, and failed. You have tried, and failed. I mean to try, and *succeed!*'

'You? What can you do?'

'Come to-morrow, and I will tell you.'

Punctual to the appointed time, Potter made his appearance. With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks, Maud met him.

'Well?' he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

'I told you I would succeed!'

'And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred himself!'

To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, Mr. Vogdes, and the proper police authorities, to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room, and remove the pipe of the stove at the elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum-book and the missing notes.'

'You are sure?'

'Listen! This morning, in a calico dress, sunbonnet, and pair of coarse shoes, for disguise, I applied for the place of chambermaid at the boarding-house where Mr. Arnold has a room. I braided my hair in two long plaits, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial, and before I had been two hours in the house, I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and, seeing my mistress on her way to market, I shot the bolt, and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau-drawers wide open, the closet-door ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul any private depositories; though I should have done it," she added, resolutely; 'if I had been driven to it! I rummaged a little, when, on the closet-floor, I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled, except one sleeve, and that was black with soot. "What is he doing at the fireplace in Summer?" I thought, and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out, and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process, to find a roll of five hundred dollar notes, and a small note book, with the name Rufus Markham on the first page. I replaced everything carefully, and came home. Now, Mr. Potter, he must be taken by surprise, or he may say Fred put the notes there.'

'You are a brave girl!' cried the old man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, 'and Fred will owe you more than his life.'

'He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear.'

Eight was striking by the city clocks when Doctor Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a fragrant Havana between his lips, strolled leisurely into his own room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding-house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four who, in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door, the *nonchalant* look left the handsome face of the young man, and he muttered, fiercely:

'I must get out of this! Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet.'

He opened a small travelling-satchel as he spoke, and was rapidly filling it with necessaries for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried:

'Come in!'

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed, and a party of five entered the room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter and Fred Tryon followed them.

'Now, Mr. Potter,' said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, 'will you tell us where to find those missing notes?'

'What notes?' cried Arnold. 'What does this outrage mean?'

'It means,' said Mr. Potter, 'that your plan to throw the robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from that gentleman is now in your possession, excepting only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of a debt!'

'It is a lie!' cried the prisoner; but his white face, faltering voice, and shaking limbs were no proof of innocence. 'Search my trunks, everything I have.'

'No, gentlemen,' said Mr. Potter. 'Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe.'

With a cry, Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor, as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tyron were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe, and only Mr. Potter and Fred ever knew of Maud's first and only appearance as a Girl Detective.

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

In conversation with a gentleman well acquainted from his official duties with the real estate and stock markets of this city, and having a large acquaintance among business men, he said current rumors for several years have ascribed fabulous wealth to William B. Astor, Alexander T. Stewart and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Their fortunes were said to exceed $80,000,000 each, and were popularly supposed to reach $100,000,000. But this is a very large sum of money. Very few people stop to think what is meant by $100,000,000. Persons unacquainted with the ways of making money and the enormous incidental losses of business men have no idea of the error of the popular belief as to the wealth of our rich men. Mr. Astor was worth in all not more than from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000. Those acquainted with his business affairs know that he was constantly carrying a heavy margin of indebtedness on his purchases — not beyond his ability to carry, and not sufficient to embarrass him—but materially lessening the aggregate worth of his estate on a final settlement and winding up of his affairs. Mr. Vanderbilt has not needed to own a majority of the stock of the New York Central and Hudson River railroads. It has been sufficient for him and his sons, with a few chosen friends, to control $40 000,000 of the stock. Had his death not been so long anticipated, this valuable property would probably be subject to the fluctuations of the market for a time after his demise, and a forced sale of the stock would not yield the figures at present quoted on the market, but his best friends do not anticipate anything like a convulsion.

In view of this contingency, it is understood in the inner circle of the Commodore's acquaintance that he has disposed of his immense interest to his sons, which will eventually prevent a panic and keep the roads in the hands of those who have so long managed them. Mr. Vanderbilt will not let the public into the secret of his fortune. He is willing enough to be considered worth $100,000,000, but the exact figures never will be known outside of his family, if he can avoid it. The actual value of his estate cannot even be estimated with certainty. To say that he is worth from $40,000,000 to $60,000 000 is as near as any outsider can get at it. The market value of stock owned by him must be taken into account, together with the general depreciation in all kinds of business, which must necessarily affect the property and real estate of these railroads and depreciate the whole of the franchises.

The commissioner of taxes and assessments have assessed Mr. Vanderbilt's personal estate for 1876 at $3,000,000, an increase of $1,200,000 over previous years.—*New York Tribune.*

BARNEY McGEE;

Or, how he got his Wife to America.

On the morning on which our story opens, Barney McGee stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the exterior of his cabin, and casting his mental eye behind it to the patch of ground which grew a handful of potatoes, and vegetables enough for broth-making.

It was evident by his dissatisfied air that neither prospect pleased him; and as he turned on his heel and paced up and down the road, a puzzled expression came over his features, as if he were calculating on certain vague chances. With head bowed, he muttered to himself:

'Me father was born in there before me; he died an' left it, as poor as whin he came intil it. I was born there, too, an' if I stay there all my life, I'll die in it as well, an' divil the scrape av inthrest I'll have to show whin I pay the debt of nature. Troth, if I had but a pinny o' moffey it's not here I'd be, where starvation's the only thing that's plenty! There's a better place for me nor this across the wather, an' it's there I shud be now. Bad luck to this fightin' against what will niver give way before ye! Nelly! I say, Nelly!'

'Yis, Barney, I'm comin' til ye!' a voice exclaims, and in a second Nelly appears on the road, drying her hands upon her apron, as she trips to the side of her husband. He draws her to him affectionately, and placing an arm about her, points to the cabin.

'D'ye see what's before ye, Nelly?'

'Troth, I'd be blind if I didn't, Barney.'

'Well, I think we've lived there long enough.'

'Is it for movin' ye are, Barney?'

'Yis, but not jist about this quarther—d'ye know what I think?'

'No, faith—how shu'd I know?'

'Well, I think that the sooner we lave this the besther.'

'Well, lave us go inside—maybe it's the cowld ye'r afeered of.'

'Ah, it's not that I mane, darlin'; it's the house that covers us, an' the poor bit av a country that owns us, that I'm talkin' to ye about. Ye know how hard we've sthruggled wid the poverty that's atin' intil us, an' ye know that we'll only grow weaker the longer we sthruggle. Ah, if——'

'Why don't we go til Ameriky, Barney, where yer ould friend, Thady, is goin's so purty?'

'Why don't we go til Amerikiy, is it, Nelly? Could ye spake if ye had no tongue? Could the bird fly if it had no wings?'

'An' could we go til Amerikiy if we had no money?—that's what ye mane, Barney?'

'Jist that, my jewel. Thady's the boy would help me, if he had a little money past him. Shure we were brought up together, we worked togither, we got dhrunk togither, we coorted togither, an' if we live, we'll die togither! The last words he gave me at partin' were, that if ever he had it in his power to help me, he'd do it. Troth, I wish he had it in his power now; he couldn't have a besther opportunity. Murther, but there's a hard Winter before us—there, Nelly, there's the *craythur* shoutin' for ye; go in an' spake til it.'

Nelly went in to do what she could for the 'craythur'—the pig—and Barney resumed his walk and his soliloquy.

'Yis, this is no place for us now, that's sartain; but how'll we get till a besther? No money to be got without work; since there's no work, there's no money, av coorse. An' that's the way it'll be all the time. If Thady only knowed how I was! I must sell the pig, anyway. If I had only larned to be a sailor in my young days, how aisy I could get across the big wather now, by workin' my way! but there's Nely—how could she do? If it wasn't for——'

'Bernard McGee!'

Barney turned about quickly, and beheld the new postman standing with a letter in his extended hand.

'Does a party named Bernard McGee live at this place?'

'No, sir, I think not; he might be a relation of mine, but I niver heerd tell of him.'

'Then I must be at fault, but I was directed to this locality in particular. However, I suppose i'll find the individual somewhere,' concluded the man of letters, as he posted off in another direction.

Barney scratched his head in perplexity, the name sounded so familiar; but in a moment both postman and letter vanished from his mind, and he busied himself with his former thoughts.

When the afternoon was drawing on, and he had taken his morsel of dinner, and was applying a piece of lighted turf to his pipe, the idea suggested itself that Nelly might know who the before-mentioned Bernard was.

'Nelly,' he said, when he had got his pipe fairly in working order, 'did ye iver hear tell of anybody be the name of Bernard McGee.'

'Is it jokin' ye are?'

'Troth, I'm not.'

'Bernard McGee, is it? Av coorse I've heard of him. He's got the purtiest wife in the parish, Barney, an' you ought to know that!' said Nelly, as she smiled archly at her husband.

'I ought to know it? Faith, I'm ignorant of the charge, as the man said to the judge.'

'Why, who should be Bernard McGee but yer own awate self?'

'Me? Shure my name's Barney?'

'Well, wasn't Bernard the name yer mother gav' ye? an' wasn't ye christened Bernard? an' isn't Bernard only a pinted name for Barney—you bosthoon?' And Nelly threw back her head, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of her husband.

'Well, yer a besther scholar nor me, Nelly; and if it wasn't for yer penetrashun, I might be badly wronged.' And Barney narrated the circumstance of the letter to Nelly, who, with her usual tact, understood the matter without much explanation.

The result of the wayside conference was, that the three took the business in hand, and the running commenced again, the female showing, by the strides she made, that her movements had not always been confined to walking.

We shall not describe the scene which took place when the pig-driver was overtaken and the animal or its equivalent in money demanded. Let it suffice to say, that through Nelly's abilities of voice and hands, and by the interference in her behalf of several gentlemen who happened on the spot, full value was received for the stolen quadruped.

Then the bustling woman smoothed her hair, changed her apron, and throwing on her hood, took her departure for the town hard by. Barney kept his place on the stool until the sound of her footsteps died away, and then he arose, and going to the road, looked earnestly after the neat figure until it had almost vanished in the distance.

'Faith,' said he, as he re-entered his cabin, closing the half-door behind him, 'it's a comfort to get a scowldin' like that now an' then, an' to have sich an illegant crayther to do the scowldin' for ye. What was I be now, if it wasn't for her? Didn't she make me quit the drink? Didn't she make a man out av me in ivery important subject was—didn't she? Av coorse she did! I think I shud take another smoke to quiet my narves; an' if I want to philosopher a bit, the pipe will give me a hand at the thinkin'. Now (puff) who in the name of the poker (puff) could have sint me a (puff) letther? Maybe it isn't for me, afther all, (that's a splendid pipe—smoked for three years, and devil a brake in shank or bowl yet) an won't I have the laugh at Nelly? An' I'm no less than Bernard? It's a coat ov arms I'll be gittin' next—troth, I've one wid two arms in now, but it's a disgrace to a Bernard; it'll raquire a new one to keep up the title.'

Thus the rambling fellow went on, speculating upon this and that, until a shadow which fell before him and a thundering rap at the door caused him to part company with his thoughts. Looking up, he beheld part of the figure of a man leaning over the half door, and swinging his stick inside in a careless way, that showed the easy going nature of its possessor.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I suppose I needn't ax yer lave to go in an' lite me pipe?'

'Ye needn't trouble yer conscience much on that score,' said Barney, as he made room for the man beside him.

The latter personage was a long time in getting his pipe filled, keeping up a running fire of talk, and finding it convenient to pull Barney to his seat again when a drove of pigs which attracted his attention went past.

'Don't bother yerself wid runnin' to the doore, man; them's me own bastes (this tobaccy av mine must be damp), an' its about that baste av yours that I'm here this minit—what might ye be wantin' for him?' And the pig-driver looked intently at the fire, apparently careless as to whether or not a sale might be made. Barney, wishing to drive as smart a bargain as possible, tried to appear equally careless, and replied:

'How d' ye know but I wouldn't sell him?'

'Arrah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'? Wasn't I spakin' to that sprig av a wife av yours last week, whin I was goin' to Ballystravick? And didn't she say ye wor dyin' to sell the baste?'

'Yis, thrue for ye, Mr. Pig-driver, but maybe I changed me mind since that—d'ye see?'

Barney gave a side look at the dealer in swine, as much as to say, 'Corner me now, if you can.'

'Changed yer mind, did ye?' It's a big bargain ye'r tryin' to make, Mr. Barney. Don't the whole country know ye'r wantin' to go to Amerikiy? an' aren't ye tryin' to turn every penny ye can? Does that look as if ye didn't want to sell the pig? Ah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'?' and the roving merchant gave Barney a poke with his stick that sent him backward off the stool, and caused him to take several turns on the floor before he righted himself.

He took this part of the argument in good part, and seeing that the tide was setting against him, named a price that was full market value for the pig. Strange to say the buyer accepted the terms without a quibble, and mentioning that he would not take the animal with him at that time, left a crown as an 'earnest,' and bade our hero good-day. He seemed well pleased, for as he hurried after his drove, he gave vent to—' A pig for a crown! whoo-o-o!'

Barney filled his pipe again, and sat down to 'philosopher.'

'Nelly ought to be near home (puff) by this time. Won't she (puff) open her eyes (puff) when I tell her (bad luck to that damp tobacco) how I've made the trade I made with the pig-driver! How did he know my name was Barney? He must have guessed it. Why, didn't I guess myself *Bernard?* Nelly thinks I'm no hand at a bargain; won't I surprise her wid my smartness? An' he was a gintale man, too, that driver. Think of him lavin' a crown wid me on the pig. How does he know but I'll sell him baste before he comes after him? Troth, I must have a bit of a reputation! And he paid a clever price, too; maybe I axed too little for him. I'll take a look at the bhoy; he must be improvin'.'

With his hands crossed behind him, under his coat-tails, Barney sauntered forth to take a view of his animal he had just disposed of. He proceeded to the sty, where Nelly had placed 'the bhoy' a short time before she went after the letter—pig was not there!

'I guess he's broke out, and is takin' a ramble along the road; I'll look after him, and tell him he's sowld, jist to kape him from runnin' away,' said Barney, as he started in search.

Strange to relate, the swine was not to be found. Had he broken through a hedge, and was he enjoying himself in one of the neighboring fields? Barney looked, but to no purpose. Not on the road, not in the fields—where could he be?

Barney sought a moment with his arms folded, and a thought began to strike him, and the harder it struck him the blanker he looked and the longer grew his visage—could it be possible?

'Yis, sich things has been did before. Oh, murther! if Nelly hears it—an' av coorse she will hear it—won't she haul me over the coals! Faith, I must set afther the chief of a rascal.'

Your surmises are right, Bernard. While the pig-driver was keeping you well employed in your cabin, his men were coolly releasing your pig from its pen; and it mingled with the drove as they went past the door. Hurry yourself, or your walking property will be beyond your search.

Feeling the terrible responsibility that rested upon his awkward shoulders, Barney obtained the aid of a neighbor, and the two started in pursuit. Their route lay toward town, so the chances of meeting Nelly on the way were nine in favor to one against. Barney fully realized his position.

'Oh,' said he, 'if I could only get the baste back widout her hearin' about it! I wasn't half as smart as I thought I was, wid all my bargain.'

A sharp run of twenty minutes brought the pursuers in sight of a cloud of dust, from which they inferred that the objects of their search were not far distant.

'All's right now,' said Dennis to his friend, as the two broke into a quicker run.

The friend had his eye on a figure that was becoming painfully distinct as it approached, and he replied:

'Yis, Dinnis—I think—eh? Moses! there's Nelly!' and aware of his awful situation, he stopped short on the road.

'How will I face her?' he asked of Dennis, who also had sobered down to a stand.

'Tell her we're runnin' a race; she will—'

'Whoo! that's it, Dinnis; stretch yourself as hard as you can.'

Away the two went at a break-neck gait, Dennis having the lead by a yard, which Barney, for obvious reasons, allowed him to keep. Our hero hoped to preserve this order of things until Nelly would be passed; but the Fates were against him; for, just as Dennis was meeting the lady in question, his foot came in contact with a stone, and in an instant he was sprawling on the road. Barney was so close behind that it was impossible for him to step aside to avoid a fall, and down he went on poor prostrate Dennis, the two forming a bundle of old clothes and humanity at the feet of astonished Nelly.

Her first impulse was to assist the fallen, but there was something so ludicrous in their expressions, and something so funny in the whole affair, that she could not help laughing her loudest, and exclaiming:

'Is this where ye are, gintlemen?'

'Arrah, Nelly, sure ye won't scowld if I tell ye all about it?' asked Barney, still keeping to the road.

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'Ah, don't spake about the letther, Nelly, for the pig's stole.'

'The pig's what?'

'It's stole.'

'Was did ye let it be stole from forninst ye'r face, ye bosthoon?'

Before Barney could reply, his wife took him by his coat-collar, and set him on his feet in a style more hurried than dignified.

The poor man was thoroughly frightened, but managed to recount the affair of the swine to Nelly, who, with her usual tact, understood the matter without much explanation.

The result of the wayside conference was, that the three took the business in hand, and the running commenced again, the female going to the post office and claiming the letter, which he was sure had been returned by the carrier.

Barney's idea did not receive Nelly's sanction, and she proved this by taking him by the ear as he was passing through the door, and leading him back to the fireplace, telling him, as she sat him down on a stool, that she would go and claim the letter for him, since he might forget who he was, and where he lived, before he reached the post office!

Then the bustling woman smoothed her hair, changed her apron, and throwing on her hood, took her departure for the town hard by. Barney kept his place on the stool until the sound of her footsteps died away, and then he arose, and going to the road, looked earnestly after the neat figure until it had almost vanished in the distance.

'Faith,' said he, as he re-entered his cabin, closing the half-door behind him, 'it's a comfort to get a scowldin' like that now an' then, an' to have sich an illegant crayther to do the scowldin' for ye. What was I be now, if it wasn't for her? Didn't she make me quit the drink? Didn't she make a man out av me in ivery important subject was—didn't she? Av coorse she did! I think I shud take another smoke to quiet my narves; an' if I want to philosopher a bit, the pipe will give me a hand at the thinkin'. Now (puff) who in the name of the poker (puff) could have sint me a (puff) letther? Maybe it isn't for me, afther all, (that's a splendid pipe—smoked for three years, and devil a brake in shank or bowl yet) an won't I have the laugh at Nelly? An' I'm no less than *Bernard?* It's a coat ov arms I'll be gittin' next—troth, I've one wid two arms in now, but it's a disgrace to a *Bernard*; it'll raquire a new one to keep up the title.'

Thus the rambling fellow went on, speculating upon this and that, until a shadow which fell before him and a thundering rap at the door caused him to part company with his thoughts. Looking up, he beheld part of the figure of a man leaning over the half door, and swinging his stick inside in a careless way, that showed the easy going nature of its possessor.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I suppose I needn't ax yer lave to go in an' lite me pipe?'

'Ye needn't trouble yer conscience much on that score,' said Barney, as he made room for the man beside him.

The latter personage was a long time in getting his pipe filled, keeping up a running fire of talk, and finding it convenient to pull Barney to his seat again when a drove of pigs which attracted his attention went past.

'Don't bother yerself wid runnin' to the doore, man; them's me own bastes (this tobaccy av mine must be damp), an' its about that baste av yours that I'm here this minit—what might ye be wantin' for him?' And the pig-driver looked intently at the fire, apparently careless as to whether or not a sale might be made. Barney, wishing to drive as smart a bargain as possible, tried to appear equally careless, and replied:

'How d' ye know but I wouldn't sell him?'

'Arrah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'? Wasn't I spakin' to that sprig av a wife av yours last week, whin I was goin' to Ballystravick? And didn't she say ye wor dyin' to sell the baste?'

'Yis, thrue for ye, Mr. Pig-driver, but maybe I changed me mind since that—d'ye see?'

Barney gave a side look at the dealer in swine, as much as to say, 'Corner me now, if you can.'

'Changed yer mind, did ye?' It's a big bargain ye'r tryin' to make, Mr. Barney. Don't the whole country know ye'r wantin' to go to Amerikiy? an' aren't ye tryin' to turn every penny ye can? Does that look as if ye didn't want to sell the pig? Ah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'?' and the roving merchant gave Barney a poke with his stick that sent him backward off the stool, and caused him to take several turns on the floor before he righted himself.

He took this part of the argument in good part, and seeing that the tide was setting against him, named a price that was full market value for the pig. Strange to say the buyer accepted the terms without a quibble, and mentioning that he would not take the animal with him at that time, left a crown as an 'earnest,' and bade our hero good-day. He seemed well pleased, for as he hurried after his drove, he gave vent to—' A pig for a crown! whoo-o-o!'

Barney filled his pipe again, and sat down to 'philosopher.'

'Nelly ought to be near home (puff) by this time. Won't she (puff) open her eyes (puff) when I tell her (bad luck to that damp tobacco) how I've made the trade I made with the pig-driver! How did he know my name was Barney? He must have guessed it. Why, didn't I guess myself *Bernard?* Nelly thinks I'm no hand at a bargain; won't I surprise her wid my smartness? An' he was a gintale man, too, that driver. Think of him lavin' a crown wid me on the pig. How does he know but I'll sell him baste before he comes after him? Troth, I must have a bit of a reputation! And he paid a clever price, too; maybe I axed too little for him. I'll take a look at the bhoy; he must be improvin'.'

With his hands crossed behind him, under his coat-tails, Barney sauntered forth to take a view of his animal he had just disposed of. He proceeded to the sty, where Nelly had placed 'the bhoy' a short time before she went after the letter—pig was not there!

'I guess he's broke out, and is takin' a ramble along the road; I'll look after him, and tell him he's sowld, jist to kape him from runnin' away,' said Barney, as he started in search.

Strange to relate, the swine was not to be found. Had he broken through a hedge, and was he enjoying himself in one of the neighboring fields? Barney looked, but to no purpose. Not on the road, not in the fields—where could he be?

Barney sought a moment with his arms folded, and a thought began to strike him, and the harder it struck him the blanker he looked and the longer grew his visage—could it be possible?

'Yis, sich things has been did before. Oh, murther! if Nelly hears it—an' av coorse she will hear it—won't she haul me over the coals! Faith, I must set afther the chief of a rascal.'

Your surmises are right, Bernard. While the pig-driver was keeping you well employed in your cabin, his men were coolly releasing your pig from its pen; and it mingled with the drove as they went past the door. Hurry yourself, or your walking property will be beyond your search.

Feeling the terrible responsibility that rested upon his awkward shoulders, Barney obtained the aid of a neighbor, and the two started in pursuit. Their route lay toward town, so the chances of meeting Nelly on the way were nine in favor to one against. Barney fully realized his position.

'Oh,' said he, 'if I could only get the baste back widout her hearin' about it! I wasn't half as smart as I thought I was, wid all my bargain.'

A sharp run of twenty minutes brought the pursuers in sight of a cloud of dust, from which they inferred that the objects of their search were not far distant.

'All's right now,' said Dennis to his friend, as the two broke into a quicker run.

The friend had his eye on a figure that was becoming painfully distinct as it approached, and he replied:

'Yis, Dinnis—I think—eh? Moses! there's Nelly!' and aware of his awful situation, he stopped short on the road.

'How will I face her?' he asked of Dennis, who also had sobered down to a stand.

'Tell her we're runnin' a race; she will—'

'Whoo! that's it, Dinnis; stretch yourself as hard as you can.'

Away the two went at a break-neck gait, Dennis having the lead by a yard, which Barney, for obvious reasons, allowed him to keep. Our hero hoped to preserve this order of things until Nelly would be passed; but the Fates were against him; for, just as Dennis was meeting the lady in question, his foot came in contact with a stone, and in an instant he was sprawling on the road. Barney was so close behind that it was impossible for him to step aside to avoid a fall, and down he went on poor prostrate Dennis, the two forming a bundle of old clothes and humanity at the feet of astonished Nelly.

Her first impulse was to assist the fallen, but there was something so ludicrous in their expressions, and something so funny in the whole affair, that she could not help laughing her loudest, and exclaiming:

'Is this where ye are, gintlemen?'

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The result of the wayside conference was, that the three took the business in hand, and the running commenced again, the female showing, by the strides she made, that her movements had not always been confined to walking.

We shall not describe the scene which took place when the pig-driver was overtaken and the animal or its equivalent in money demanded. Let it suffice to say, that through Nelly's abilities of voice and hands, and by the interference in her behalf of several gentlemen who happened on the spot, full value was received for the stolen quadruped.

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